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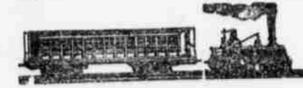
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# The Elk Advocate.

JOHN G. HALL, Editor.  
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SELECT POETRY.

A PUNGENT CONSIDERATION OF THE Various Trades and Callings.

Of all the trades that men may call  
Unpleasant and offensive,  
The Editor's is the worst of all,  
For he is ever pen sive;  
His leaders lead to nothing high,  
His columns are unstable,  
And though the printers make him pie,  
It does not suit his table.

The Carpenter—his course is plane,  
His bit is always near him—  
He augurs every hour of gain,  
He chisels—and none jeer him—  
He shaves, yet is not close, they say,  
The public pay his board, sir—  
Full of wise saws he bores away,  
And so he swells his board, sir.

St. Crispin's son—the man of shoes,  
Has aw' things at control, sir—  
He waxes wealthy in his views,  
But ne'er neglects his sole, sir—  
His is indeed a heeling trade,  
And when we come to casting  
The tool's profits he has made,  
We find his ends are lasting.

The Tailor, too, gives fits to all,  
Yet never gets a basting—  
His cabages, however small,  
Are most delicious to sting—  
His goose is heated—happy prig!  
Unstinted in his measure—  
He always plays a thimble-rig,  
And seems a man of pleasure.

The Farmer reaps a fortune plump,  
Though harrowed, far from woe, sir—  
His spade forever proves a trump,  
His hook is *Tee-ee-ah-oo*, sir—  
However earned he does not slip,  
Though husky, never hoarse, sir—  
And in a plough-share partnership,  
He get's his share of course, sir.

The Sailor on the giddy mast—  
Comparatively master—  
Has many a bulwark round him cast  
To wade away disaster—  
Even shrouds to him are full of life,  
His mainstay still is o'er him,  
A gallant and top-gallant crew  
Of *beauz esprit* before him.

The steady Irish Laborer picks  
And climbs to fame—'tis funny,  
He deals with none but regular bricks,  
And so he pockets money—  
One friend sticks to him (mortar 'tis),  
In hidden gray unbafl'd,  
He leaves below an honest name  
When he ascends the scaffold.

The Printer, though his case be hard,  
Yet sticks not at his nap, sir—  
'Tis his to canonize the bard,  
And trim a Roman cap, sir—  
Some go two-forty—what of that?  
He goes it by the thousand!  
A man of form, and fond of fat,  
He loves the song I now send.

The Engine-driver, if we track  
His outward semblance deeper,  
Has got some very tender traits—  
He ne'er disturbs the sleeper—  
And when you switch him as he goes,  
He whistles all the louder—  
And should you brake him on the wheel,  
It only makes him prouder.

I launched this skiff of rhyme upon  
The trade-winds of the muses—  
Through pungent seas they've borne it on  
The boat no rudder uses:  
So masticate its meaning once,  
And judge not sternly of it—  
You'll find a freight of little puns,  
And very little profit.

MILES O'REILLY.

—Epitaph on an old maid—A-las!  
too late.

—A cookney's epitaph upon his cook:  
"Peace to her ashes."

—Levity is often less foolish, and  
gravity less wise than each of them appear.

—When is a billiard marker like a  
prompter? When he gives the player  
his cue.

—What stone should have been  
placed at the gate of Eden after the  
expulsion? Ans.—Adamantine (Adam  
sin't in.)

—A contemporary suggests that a lady,  
on putting on her corsets, is like a man  
who drinks to drown his grief, because  
in *so-lacing* herself she is getting *tight*!

—Moore must have had the petre-  
olum fever, when he sang: "Oh, had I  
some sweet little isle of my own!"—but  
perhaps, he only meant (as he said)  
"sweet ile."

—A learned young lady, the other  
evening, astonished the company by ask-  
ing the loan of a diminutive argenteous,  
truncated cone, convex on its summit,  
and semi-perforated with symmetrical  
indentations. She wanted a thimble.

SELECT STORY.

AN ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS

Algiers is the Paris of Africa, or rather not a portion of Africa, but a part of France, that has been created by the armies in times of peace as it has been conquered in war by the French arms.

Algiers is like Paris, of course, but in becoming French it has not lost all its oriental peculiarities, and in this it is as much more attractive than Paris as romance is than real life.

When I was ordered to remain in Algiers with my regiment coming from Marseilles, I came with most delightful anticipations.

I was a young lieutenant then, and my success with the fair sex in various garrison towns where I had been, gave me most brilliant ideas in regard to the adventures that would befall me in Algiers. Hours, with eyes like stars, enveloped in cachemire, covered with diamonds, living in palaces with fountains of rosewater and bowers of orange flowers rose before me. Indeed, the officers talked so much and so eagerly about the charms of the eastern women, their passion and their devotion, that I felt ready to risk my life to obtain a sight of one of these lovely creatures who haunted my dreams. Now this was to be the romance of my life. The reality was already arranged and settled in Europe—and to tell the truth, though my imagination was in Algiers, my heart was in France with the girl to whom I had been betrothed since my infancy. Like all Frenchmen, I knew that I could marry only the young lady who would be thought by my parents to be suited to me in station and fortune. I knew that only such a wife could suit me, and had not the slightest idea that my eastern romance would interfere with any of my engagements, not even with my love.

For I loved my betrothed, though I had not seen her since she was a child. The daughter of an old friend of my father's, she had been brought up in the strictest seclusion, and in my wandering soldier's life I had not seen her for six years. But this was my last year's probation; at the close of the autumn I was to return to Marseilles; Cecile was to come with her mother beneath my father's roof and we were to be married. Dear little Cecile; I had always treasured her memory as she appeared to me when last I had seen her—a sweet little girl with a short white dress and the tiniest little feet imaginable, in red satin slippers.

It so happened that at one of the cafes I made the acquaintance of an intelligent and rich old Jew merchant, who, from the first, appeared to take extraordinary interest in me. He amused me with details of oriental life and manners; told me the legends of the country, and, in fact, seemed to be a living page from the Arabian Nights.

In return I told him all the circumstances of my life, all my military adventures, and even in a moment of extraordinary confidence went so far as to tell him all about Cecile and our future marriage. This was done rather to give him an idea of our European customs than with any idea of confiding in him. I scarcely felt the indelicacy of talking about Cecile, because he was so utterly a stranger to her.

I had been some weeks in Algiers watching anxiously for an adventure, when one day a note was put into my hand. It was highly perfumed, and tied instead of being sealed, with a gold thread. It was written in a most elegant hand and was in the purest French, and it bade me repair at nine o'clock to one of the mosques, where a most important revelation would be made to me.—Here was an adventure at last.

In the excitement of the moment I rushed to the Jew.

"What am I to do? What does this mean?"

"It means that you are a handsome dog, and that some of our lovely women have fallen in love with you."

"What am I to do?"

"Go to the rendezvous, of course."

"Will there be danger? Must I go armed?"

"It would be more prudent."

At nine o'clock as the clock struck, some one touched me on the shoulder.

"You are exact—that is well"—and as I turned I beheld an old woman dressed in the costume of the country, standing near me.

"Are you Lieutenant Raoul Du chene?" said she, speaking in French, and with only a slight accent.

"Yes."

"You are lately from Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"You remember Cecile?"

"Cecile," I cried, "Cecile Valazo?"

"'Tis she who has written to you!"

"Cecile, my betrothed; she is in Bordeaux with her mother."

"She was, but she is now here a slave in Algiers."

"But the letter is not in her writing?"

"Not as you knew her writing formerly."

"True, a slave—Cecile a slave!—How did she know I was here?"

"She saw you from behind the grating of her window."

"Take me to her enclosure!"

"Not until you have given me your word that you will save her."

"At the risk of my life; but how in heaven's name did she get here?"

"She will tell you all to-morrow when you meet."

"Let me see her to-night!"

"Impossible!"

"To-morrow, then. I shall not rest till then."

"To-morrow; but remember, silence—an indiscretion might ruin all!"

I was obliged to be satisfied, but my excitement was so great that I could not restrain it. I confided all to my friend, the Jew.

"Be very prudent," said the Jew, "and remember that the French Government allows the natives the exercise of their religion, and the freedom of their own special trades. To interfere between a merchant and his slave would be dangerous."

I listened, of course, to no arguments; and at nine o'clock the next night was at the place the Arab woman had indicated. Cecile, my Cecile, the pure and gentle young girl in the power of a Me-houedan, it was horrible.

"Follow me," said the old woman, and we entered a low gate, and after various windings found ourselves in a white marble hall most brilliantly illuminated.

"Here is the danger. Once we can get through here into Cecile's apartment, we are safe."

We crossed the hall without impediment. We entered the apartment, which seemed dim to me after the hall, but bright, indeed, all appeared, when from an inner room a lady advanced.

She wore the costume of the country, and the heavy silver veils with which the women are concealed in Algiers, fell over her.

In another instant she raised her veil, and I beheld the loveliest creature I had ever seen in my life—her large, brilliant, yet melting eyes, fixed on me.

I threw myself at her feet.

"Do I then see you again?"

"Raoul," she replied, in a low, soft voice, "have you not forgotten me?—Do you not love me still?"

"Love you still! Never have you been out of my thoughts, but how are you here? Here and a slave! How did you leave your happy home? How did you come in this man's power?"

"Listen to me, Raoul, and you will see how naturally I fell into the toils three years ago. A young Arab was sent to Bordeaux to complete his education. He came to our house. He fell in love with me. A marriage between us was, of course, impossible, even had I not been betrothed to you. Hassan understood this, and seemed to have abandoned all the feelings of love he had entertained for me. A month since he announced to us his departure for his native country, and as a last proof of friendship, asked my mother to honor him with a visit on board the vessel that was to take him from us—a concession she called it. My mother consented. We went, accompanied only by Hassan, who came to fetch us. It was easy to separate us, both curious as we were to see the various parts of the ship. When at last I tried to rejoin my mother, she was gone. What became of her I cannot tell you. All I know is that the vessel sailed, whilst I fell in a swoon at the feet of Hassan.—When I recovered he told me he was determined that I should be his; he had sacrificed everything to obtain me. So I am here, and Providence has sent you to my assistance."

"This very night we will fly!"

"That cannot be. I should be missed, traced, and again captured. No Raoul, you must take me hence to a French vessel, ready to sail that very night."

"But I cannot go with you. I dare not quit Algiers without leave of absence."

"I can reach Marseilles in safety.—There I can await you. Only get me beyond the power of these horrible people."

I swore to free her—to obey her;—she was so beautiful, so tender, so sad, that I would have dared anything for her deliverance. Each night, introduced by the Arab woman, I came to her. She was more lovely even than I had ever dreamed. She had grown into a different being from the one I had cherished in my heart; often, in our short interviews, did I refer to our early days, but the remembrance seemed too sad for her heart the names of those we loved, her family—mine, all brought tears to her eyes.

There was an ineffable joy to me in these interviews, stolen and dangerous as they were, and but of a few minutes duration; still I burned to free her from the power of this Hassan, even at

the pain of not seeing her. I would have tried the French authorities, but what had I to prove the truth of my story or the identity of Cecile? Then the French authorities are chary of interfering with the native customs; in fact, as Cecile said, our only safety lay in her secret flight. Hassan was away. Once Cecile had been in his power—he had made no efforts to force her love; he trusted to time, to absence from all other ties, and to his devotion to ultimately obtain her love.

At the thought of this my heart beat with rage and terror. I resolved to delay no longer. Vessels were sailing every day to France, but I did not want a vessel full of passengers, but some small merchant vessel, where none would know even of Cecile's presence. At last it was found and all was arranged for Cecile's departure. A European dress was conveyed to her, in which, one night, without interruption, she passed out of Hassan's palace the way I entered it.

We were in the street, I dared bring no conveyance; we had to walk with rapid steps down to the quay. On we rushed, when suddenly a man darted from one of the dark porticos and stood before us.

It was my friend the Jew.

"You are pursued," said he; "her flight is discovered. Trust her to me here in my house. I can shield her—no one will suspect me. You can save her only thus, and only thus save your self from disgrace, which as an officer will fall on you."

"Disgrace!" cried Cecile, starting from me; "take me, lead me anywhere. Raoul, fly!"

"With me she is safe; come to-morrow, she will be ready."

"But she will miss the vessel, it sails to-night."

"There will be another, then; but I hear steps approaching; fly."

The Jew and Cecile disappeared in one of the houses, and I, bewildered and deeply mortified, went slowly to my quarters.

The next day there was a great rumor in the town—the French authorities had been appealed to—a most daring robbery had been committed; one of the favorite slaves of the dethroned Dey had escaped from his palace with jewels of enormous value. She was a European, too; some dancing girl he had picked up in the French theatre in Algiers; she had sailed for France, it was supposed, but where and how, and who was her accomplice it was impossible to discover.

I heard this with indifference; and as soon as I deemed it safe, proceeded, racked with terrible anxiety, to the Jew's house.

I reached it, and on the threshold stood the Arab woman.

"Cecile," said I. She presented me with a note without speaking a word.

I tore it open.

"I am safe, you will not betray me, for if you do I will swear you are my accomplice. I have long been waiting this opportunity, and I thank you for helping me and the Dey's jewels off together. I was merely the Dey's slave—a Parisian, with only her beauty and her wits; now I am rich, and will pray for you, my gallant and credulous cavalier. You should not have confided your secrets and your love to the Jew; he is in with me, and we will not forget you."

CARMEN.

I stood as if turned to stone; I could not collect my thoughts. Cecile an impostor! no, not Cecile at all, and I the dupe and accomplice of this bold, bad woman.

My first impulse was at all risks to denounce her—to tell the truth. But the fear of ridicule, the dread of disgrace restrained me, and made me consent to endure the terrible complicity.

As for Cecile, six months later I found her by her mother, pure, fresh and innocent; and not until we had been married two years did I relate my adventure in Algiers.

PROPOSITIONS AGREED UPON BY THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

The Joint Committee on Reconstruction, at which all the members of the committee were present, agreed to report on Monday next the following propositions:

A Joint Resolution proposing Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Be it Resolved (by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring), That the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution, which when ratified by three-fourths of the State Legislatures, shall be valid as a part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE—SECTION 1. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without the due process of law, nor deny to any person

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within its jurisdiction the equal protections of the laws.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.

SEC. 3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for members of Congress and for electors for President and Vice President of the United States.

SEC. 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred or which may hereafter be incurred in aid of insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor.

SEC. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

A bill to provide for the restoration of the States lately in insurrection to their full political rights.

Whereas, It is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should, at the earliest day consistent with the future peace and safety of the Union, be restored to full participation in all political rights; and

Whereas, The Congress did by joint resolution propose for ratification to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, article in the following words, to wit: [The constitutional article recited above is here inserted.] Now, therefore,

Be it enacted, That whenever the above recited amendment shall have come a part of the Constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same, and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress as such.

And be it further enacted, That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the foregoing proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax under the act of August 5th, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof, upon proper assurances from such State to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

A bill declaring certain persons ineligible to office under the government of the United States.

Be it enacted, etc., That no person shall be eligible to any office under the government of the United States who is included in any of the following classes, namely:

First. The President and Vice-President of the Confederate States of America (so called) and the heads of departments thereof.

Second. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, so called.

Third. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the army and navy of the United States, and all persons educated at the military or naval academy of the United States, judges of the courts of the United States and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

Fourth. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of colonel in the army or master in the navy, and any one who, as Governor of either of the so-called Confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

Fifth. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the war, otherwise than as prisoners of war.

—President Johnson is a Free Mason.

—Hon. George B. Wright, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been confirmed in the Senate as Indian Agent to Montana.

—General Grant and wife have gone to Richmond to visit his sister, the wife of the postmaster of that city.

—There are in the Treasury Department 1555 male and 491 female clerks.